





From the National A. S. Standard.  
LETTER FROM ISAAC S. FLINT.  
COOPERSTOWN, July 9th, 1845.

FRIEND GAY:  
I have been surprised at the general ignorance as to the doctrines of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which prevails throughout northeastern New-York. In neighborhood where liberty parties have been preaching for years, I have found the people seemingly ignorant that a great moral movement is in progress, which teaches that slavery is not to be supported in the name of the Union any more than in political parties. When the rallying cry of 'No Union with Slaveholders' was first raised, I was slow to adopt it, doubting even if it were universally applicable to honest men. But one year's anti-slavery experience has taught me that no watchword carries such terror into the trembling hosts of slavery as this. Nothing startles the pro-slavery religion and politics of this guilty land like the earnest, consistent cry of 'No Union with Slaveholders' either in Church or State. It covers the churches and men from his hiding-places, and compels him to do as he lies under his own colors. It shows the world, who and what are his friends; how the religion of the land takes up the cudgel in his defence; distorting the Word of God in his favor; thus showing the infidelity to that word; and how the self-styled democracy, at the same time, is a false religion, that perpetuates the curse of slavery. In short, the direct issue seen and known of all men. Pro-slavery religion has always felt, that men, who denounce man-stealing as a sin under all circumstances, and yet continue to give Christian fellowship to a man-stealing church, are not sincere; and so politicians will not begin to feel the force of our denunciations until they are accompanied by honest lives. Certainly not while we annually re-create a slaveholding government and Constitution by our votes.

But to me, the most encouraging sign of the times, is the fact that the church is fast losing its influence over the community, which is shown by the dearth of religious revivals. All must have observed that revivals of the church are far more seldom than formerly, and that the character of the converts is not such as gives power to the church. Let us rejoice then in this fruit of our labor, and continue to preach fearlessly. 'No Union with Slaveholders'—let us have destroyed the magic influence that binds men to a slaveholding church and clergy, and a corrupt government. Do not the true followers of Jesus Christ feel and at the waning power of the church? No, only those who are making merchandise of Christ in the person of the poor slave. And who do not rejoice that the clergy are losing their power to lend men astray? Slaveholders. How bold and writhe at the thought of dissolution? Men-stealers, whose lips are full of their abettors North and South. They feel that if virtuous men withdraw their countenance and support from a corrupt church and government, that the days of their oppressions and tyrannies are numbered. It is peculiarly instructive to witness the twistings and contortions of slavery, wounded, and seeking refuge among the pulpits, and behind the Constitution of the country. Surely the true followers of the slave have greater cause for rejoicing at the prospect of his deliverance, than at any previous time. For never before did the monster oppression give such unequivocal signs of feeling the assaults of Truth.

Yours, for Freedom's sake,  
ISAAC S. FLINT.

From the Anti-Slavery Bagle.  
THE UNION.

We have placed on our first page an extract from a letter of the learned blacksmith to the recent Liberty party Convention at Cincinnati, which contains much more poetry than truth. We have seldom read any thing which so grossly caricatures the American Union; it seems to us as though such clap netry would better become the glory-finted orator of the 4th of July, or the newly-dedicated orator of the debating school, than a man who possesses the common sense which we have always believed Elihu Burritt had. It may do to gull the unthinking portion of the people, and stamp upon Liberty party that patriotism whose creed was written in the language of one of its leaders, Alvan Stewart, of New-York:—'Slavery in, or slavery out, Texas in, or Texas out, the Union, the Union forever.' We are, however, satisfied that the intelligent and reflecting part of the community will not be trapped by it, for although they may not attempt to calculate the value of cotton, or the extent of the injury, yet they have calculated the value of the American Union, and measured the extent of its blessings, and the result may be stated as follows:—to the slave-chaining power, to oppress and despoil—to the slave of the South, cruelty indescribable, suffering and two innumerable, crushed hopes, blighted affections, intellect destroyed and fettered soul—to the North, insult and degradation, the right to be plundered, and the right to be whipped.

Should these results be regarded as a cause for thanksgiving and glorification? God grant that the entire American people may never become so contented and happy in their condition as we are told, are some of the southern slaves, dancing and singing in the hour of their deepest degradation, and kissing the hand that despoiled them of their manhood! God grant that instead of regarding the American Union as 'the Isaac of the race in which all nations shall be blessed,' they may know of a surety that it is an Esau, who has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

CRECITABLE.  
The Plymouth (Old Colony) Memorial, a Whig paper, alluding to the profligate toast given by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, at the Fourth of July celebration in Faneuil Hall—'hailing Texas as another star added to the Union'; (2) and insisting on the duty of supporting an indefinite extension of territory, however obtained—manfully dissent as follows:

If this toast is correctly reported it seems to carry the duty of patriotism to a most unlimited extent. We certainly do not recognize the obligation of 'cherishing in our hearts' or 'defending by our lands' whatever additions fraud, robbery, and political profligacy, may make to our territory. There are bounds to patriotism, and that word has no magic power to draw people into the support of every scheme which the miserable hand-stealing and slave-breeding speculators who infest the land may devise and carry forward. The language of this toast would require us equally with Texas, to 'cherish and defend' the robbery of Mexico and California, and of any territory upon which slavery may find it convenient to establish its empire. This is not our doctrine, and we trust is not yet Whig doctrine. The Whig party, the Massachusetts Whigs, certainly have declared through the late Presidential contest that the annexation of Texas was unconstitutional; was dangerous to the peace and harmony of the Union; was base and perfidious towards Mexico; and was a stain on the eyes of the civilized world, as its main or rather sole object was to extend and perpetuate slavery and the slave power, and to give that power an undue control in the councils of the nation. Under such circumstances we regret that any Faneuil Hall Whig should in anticipation of this addition of another star to the Union, take occasion to pledge in advance his aid in 'cherishing and defending' so disgraceful an acquisition.

It seems to us that a country 'however bounded or otherwise described' is very much like no country at all; and patriotic flourishes about defence of country on the last 4th of July were somewhat vague and uncertain, for it was then, and is still, a problem how large a part of Mexico the limits of Texas may include, or we may annex. Perhaps southern chivalry may think it expedient immediately to 'revel in the halls of the Montezumas.'

It is very awkward work to celebrate the Declaration of Independence and the Annexation of Texas on the same day.

Suspicious.—The Cincinnati Herald remarks:—'The pro-slavery papers are especially grieved at the agitation of the slavery question in the churches, and they agonize vehemently over the disruption of the Methodist and Baptist churches. The sin of schism looms up in their imagination as huge and monstrous as Satan when he reared his ponderous form from the burning hills. Clearly, sweet clarity they plead for, as if every fibre in their composition was thrilling with unutterable love for the human race. What's the matter? Why this sudden paroxysm of devotion, this unvoiced concern for the welfare of the church? Ah—they know full well that the bulwarks of slavery are the American churches, and when they are threatened, they are drawn from the evil, politicians can no longer shelter themselves behind Doctors of Divinity.'

Let all those who do not mean to fight the battles of slavery, and who exorcise a slaveholding alliance, sign and circulate the following Pledge—

DISUNION PLEDGE.

Whereas, in the formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the following criminal and dangerous compromise was made to the slaveholding power, namely: that the foreign slave trade should be safely prosecuted under the national flag, as a lawful branch of American commerce, for a period of not less than twenty years; that fugitive slaves should find no protection from their pursuers on any portion of the American soil; that slave insurrections should be suppressed by the combined military and naval power of the country, if needed in any emergency; and that a slaveholding oligarchy, created by allowing three-fifths of the whole slave population to be represented as property by their masters, should be allowed a place in Congress.

Therefore, regarding that Constitution as a 'covenant with death and an agreement with hell,' the mighty prop that sustains the entire slave system, we, the undersigned, to signify our abhorrence of injustice and oppression, and to clear our skirts from innocent blood, do hereby pledge ourselves to elect, or in any way aid or countenance the election of any candidate for any office, the entrance upon which requires an oath or affirmation to support the Constitution of the United States; but in all suitable ways to strive for the peaceable dissolution of the Union, as the most consistent, feasible and efficient means of abolishing Slavery.

ANTI-SLAVERY PLEDGE.

We, the undersigned, hereby solemnly pledge ourselves not to countenance or aid the United States Government in any way which may be occasioned by the annexation of Texas, or in any other war, foreign or domestic, designed to strengthen or perpetuate slavery.

Signs of the Times.

We find in the Kentucky Christian Intelligencer the following extract from a 4th of July speech, by R. F. Bradley, in that State, the last month. It is but one of the strong indications of the abolition movement in that State:

'There is another evil, darker still, and a deeper stain resting upon and corroding our body politic. What spot is that which, above the rest, so duns and blackens our sheen? 'Tis slavery, domestic slavery—a plague spot—a gangrenous sore upon our system, threatening it with the most loathsome and terrible dissolution. Tell me not that slavery is right. How! into other ears, ye demagogues who plead the justice of slavery. I appeal to my own soul, implanted by the God of nature; it answers, 'Slavery is death.'

I appeal to our Declaration of Independence, proclaiming equal and inalienable rights; I appeal to our illustrious sires, heroes of the revolution; to Washington, Jefferson and Franklin I appeal. They answer, 'Slavery is worse than death.'

I appeal to the great God of the universe, the God of Israel, through all his works he proclaims, 'Freedom is the birthright of man.'

Men of Kentucky, free born men, men of free born sires, to you I appeal! Is slavery right? Every pulsation of your noble hearts beats, No! No! Enough, enough—slavery is wrong, liberty is right. Shall we then pursue the wrong? Shall we still rivet the chain of the slave? Does not the spirit of our bleeding sires still exist in our midst, and animate our souls? Does not their blood shed upon a thousand fields in the cause of freedom, bid us loose the chain of slavery? Yes.

'They never fail who die in a great cause; the blood may soak their gore; Their heads may sicken in the sun; their limbs Be strong as city gates and castle walls— But still their spirits walk abroad.'

Yes, the spirits of Washington and of Jefferson still walk abroad and breathe in our midst, animating their true and noble sons in freedom's cause; and soon shall that dark spot, slavery, which has so long dimmed and blackened our glorious banner, be blotted out, and the stars and the stripes, unmarred, wave triumphantly.

'O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

Eloquent Extract.

In a powerful reply to an assent, Cassius M. Clay, in his True American, says—

If God has visited upon us and ours the sins of our fathers and our own, in maintaining a soul-destroying system—if there be any special agency in this matter at all—it is a warning, deep and undeniable, which bids us with an urgency, which seems to men afar off, faintly, to cry aloud while life lasts, that our land may be freed from its great and damning sin, and slavery in the United States may be blotted out forever! When we shall be free, and in the presence of God to meet the kind of Emory and other persons, who are now and shall be asked of us, what did you for the lost spirits, crushed by the despotism of slavery, from the sight of the word of life, and eternal happiness? we shall answer: We were born in wealth—in the cause of liberty we laid it down! We were as other men, fond of ease and pleasure,—but we rested never while the bonds of these millions of blacks and whites were unbroken! We were ambitious, we would not willingly lie down in death like the beasts, and be forgotten,—our prospects were flattering—honor and place—the sparkling bowl was at our lips, but it was drugged with perjury—full of tears and sighs, and blood of our fellow-men—our souls were in the earth, and we were struggling in the social circle—distressed in our own blood—spurred by our own relations—we were reviled on all hands—brow beaten by the wise and great—avoided by the professed followers of Christ—by a word among men—slandered far and near—plundered in our out-our—cursed in our business—secretly and openly threatened with mobs, set on again and again by hired assassins—and at last found tresson and poison, and death in our own house!—and yet we have kept the faith—were ready, if necessary, to lay down our life for the destruction of slavery and the liberty of the down-trodden millions of our country! To these charges, then, we plead not guilty—both here and hereafter!

We supported Garrison and his friends, because we believe that right is ever in the long run expedient—because we love justice more than power, and fear God more than man. This man's letter will be read by the American people, prove that slaveholding fanaticism is worse than idolatry, and that we spoke but too proven truth when we said that Garrison is a better—infinitely better man than Thomas Metcalf.

PLEASE INTELLIGENCE.—We have just been informed of an interesting fact calculated to encourage abolitionists in faithful and affectionate labor towards Mexico, and was a successful in the eyes of the civilized world, as its main or rather sole object was to extend and perpetuate slavery and the slave power, and to give that power an undue control in the councils of the nation. Under such circumstances we regret that any Faneuil Hall Whig should in anticipation of this addition of another star to the Union, take occasion to pledge in advance his aid in 'cherishing and defending' so disgraceful an acquisition.

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THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON, AUGUST 2, 1845.

THE JUBILEE.

We gladly devote a very large portion of our inner form to descriptions of the celebration of the glorious First of August in various parts of the Commonwealth. Every thing seems to have conspired to render the day, its associations and proceedings, in the highest degree pleasurable and profitable to the thousands who kept its observance.

CELEBRATION AT DEDHAM.

The celebration of the First of August, at Dedham, was a most interesting and satisfactory one, and highly promotive of the cause. The beauty of the day, the good feeling of the occasion, and the simple, unexpensive character of the proceedings, all combined to make it so.

About a thousand persons in all were supposed to be present—all more or less interested in the cause; and few or none drawn there to share the festivities of our one day of joy, who are not also with us in our year of captivity with the bondage of the land, as bound with them.

The procession formed at the town hall, Dedham, and was composed of the abolitionists of Norfolk county, and their sympathizing friends. The banners were inscribed as follows:

1st. 'Shall a republic be less free than a monarchy?'  
'Shall the United States, the free United States, cradle the bondage that a king has abolished?'  
—CHAS. FOLLEN.

2d. 'Let Liberty be free!'—CASSIUS M. CLAY.  
3d. 'Let your Discretion be Valor.'

4th. 'THE UNION. We will yield every thing to it but LIBERTY, TRUTH and HONOR. These we will never yield.'—DR. CHANNING.

5th. 'Right onward!'

6th. West Roxbury. 'He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captive.'

7th. Dorchester Anti-Slavery Society—1835. (Presented by Richard Clapp, of blue silk, with gold blazonry.)

8. 'Right makes Might.'

On arrival at the grove, the meeting was organized by the appointment of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON as President of the Day, and RICHARD CLAPP and EDWIN THOMPSON as Vice-Presidents. WM. F. ARNOLD, FREDERICK S. CAROT, and MARIA W. CHAPMAN, were appointed Secretaries.

Appropriate portions of scripture were read by Mr. Garrison.

Mr. Thompson's speech was characterized by the quaint mingling of his humorous style and religious spirit. Slavery, he said, must go down in the United States, as it had done in the British West Indies, and he appealed to sacred history in proof. 'Our meetings have been often interrupted,' he said; 'but a short time ago, I read of one that was clamored down, the mob making a noise of an hour, steady. But the opposition was hotter at Ephesus, when Paul preached there against the great idol of that place. They called out there, three times as long. Great is Diana of the Ephesians'—about the space of three hours. But it did not help her any—all that hallooing. She is now about as small a concern as you can think of; while he who proclaimed that all nations are of one blood, is honored as an apostle, and revered as a saint. And still that principle, which would turn the world upside down wherein it is wrong side up, is going on triumphantly, and will, ere long, abolish slavery. He took leave to refer to Scripture, though the Church did call us 'infidels.'

THEODORE PARKER being called upon by William Lloyd Garrison, to confirm his title to the name, by anti-slavery action with us to-day, came forward, and said that he knew the President of the day so well, that he should think it the wisest way to come out openly, when his name was first called: for should he delay, Mr. Garrison would not fail to call names. Still he had found one that he (Mr. P.) would answer. Mr. Parker was exceedingly interesting and eloquent in his address, throwing aside the common pro-slavery argument, that it is idle to rejoice that the British slaves are free, while the oppressed British peasantry, who are so much worse off, are remaining in degradation and wickedness. 'Charity, they say, begins at home. Mr. President, she begins anywhere, and she is to go everywhere; and wherever she goes, let us encourage and cheer her onward!'

Mr. Parker read the circular of the anti-slavery Union, to their brethren in the ministry, stating that it had already received 60 signatures. It pledges the signers never to cease their efforts till slavery shall be at an end. He cheered the abolitionists with the spectacle, and bade them take courage; for when the logs begin to float off the wharf, we know the tide is high.

W. L. GARRISON then spoke. (I hope to give a full report, next week, of his speech, and therefore will only say now, that it was a most conclusive and able effort, and was received by the assembly with the deepest attention.)

The meeting was addressed by Edwin Thompson, Theodore Parker, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, L. Ryckman, and Edmund Quincy. A portion of the time was passed in conversation, and in the little colloquies, *à la carte*, which the bright cool day made very delightful.

At intervals between the speeches, the words were made vocal with the voices of the friends of the cause, in those well known tunes in which most can join.

L. Ryckman and Edmund Quincy followed; the first expressing an apprehension lest the *popularity* of the anti-slavery cause should occasion it to monopolize the public sympathy, and cause the wrongs of the white laborer to be overlooked; and the last, (in consequence of an expression by Theodore Parker, that the institutions, the ideas, and the true men of our country, were with us,) explaining the character of our national government in contradistinction to those of the Free States. He thought that institution, at least, not for us, but against us.

The meeting adjourned at 5 o'clock, feeling that it was good on this day to rejoice with those who rejoice, that we might the more truly sympathize with those who weep, and the more heartily labor for their deliverance.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, Secretary.

WALTHAM PIONIRO.

The celebration of the first of August at Waltham was attended by large delegations from Boston and Concord, and considerable numbers from other places in the vicinity. A strong desire was felt to hear the voice and see the branded hand of Capt. Walker, the man who has so honorably distinguished himself from the majority of our ship-masters by his humanity and practical benevolence to the slave, and who in requital received the dungeon, the pillory, and the red-hot branding iron from the United States of America. We saw one party which had come nearly fifty miles to see and hear Capt. Walker.

The day was in the highest degree favorable. A clear sky, a bright sun, and a pleasant breeze, gave us the very best combination of circumstances, for passing the day in the open air. We met in a beautiful pine grove, within three minutes walk of the railroad, and close to Charles river on the other side. Commodious seats in abundance were provided for the audience, and the ground, rising gently from the speaker's stand, in the form of an amphitheatre, enabled great numbers to see and hear, without incommencing each other. Beautiful banners, bearing emblems and devices appropriate to the occasion, adorned the trees around the platform, and proved their efficacy in the work of anti-slavery agitation by actually agitating a pro-slavery clergyman to such an extent, that he left the ground before the exercises commenced, being unable to bear the sight of even a *white* faithful testimony against oppression.

The meeting was organized by the choice of Francis Jackson, Esq., as chairman, and after a few preliminary remarks, he introduced to the audience the Rev. Caleb Stetson, of Medford.

Mr. Stetson, after remarking that the brilliancy of the day formed a happy coincidence with the work of diffusing light and truth, in which the abolitionists are engaged, he proceeded to say:

We are met to celebrate the emancipation of 800,000 human beings from slavery in the British West Indies. We wish to know the exact results of that emancipation. Not that any possible results could prove that act to be wrong, or unwise. It was founded on principle. It was a practical statement of truth and justice. Whatever temporary disadvantages to particular classes may have followed it, are fairly attributable to the antecedent degradation and oppression of one class, and the laughable and cruelty of the other. But whatever ill results may come from it, right should be done; and the sooner absolute right is proclaimed and practised in fundamental matters, the sooner such apparent ill results will disappear, and practical advantage in minutiae and details, will show itself the natural fruit of good principles.

About a year ago, I met Dr. Spaulding from Jamaica, a man of intelligence and refinement, and one of the wealthiest planters in Jamaica. He bore a decided testimony to the good working of emancipation. Inquired as to the truth of a report, that the planters found it difficult to procure laborers in sufficient numbers, and of the inference commonly drawn from this report, that the freedmen would not work. He declared that the emancipated slaves were more industrious than ever before; but he said that since they had now property of their own, since they were now independent land-holders, and were gradually surrounding themselves with all the necessities and comforts of life, it was easily conceivable that they might find it more profitable to labor on their own ground, than to devote their whole time to the service of the planters.

I asked if decorum and obedience to law prevailed among them. He said, Yes, no people in the world are more orderly than they. They show themselves fully able to appreciate the blessings of liberty under law, and not only observe order and decorum, but have largely provided for a continuance of those blessings by the establishment of schools and churches. There were ten blacks to one white at the time of the emancipation in Jamaica; and experience has now proved that which common sense and the principles of human nature would always have taught the candid inquirer, that people who have been patient and quiet under grievous wrong, will not repay the greatest benefits with violence and outrage.

I do not believe that the slaves of Jamaica were so ill treated as those of Virginia and Maryland now are. The system of breeding slaves for sale did not prevail among them. They had not to experience the horrible separation of families; the tearing asunder of husband, wife and children, arranging them in lots to suit purchasers, and sending them to the far South, in some parts of which the slaves are systematically worked to death once in seven years, for the sake of economy. This atrocity was reserved for a nation bearing as its emblem the

inconsistent types  
Of liberty and thirteen stripes.

Thirteen stripes, however, is but a small allowance. I have heard of hundreds of stripes laid, not upon senseless bunting, but upon the bare backs of men and women.

Mr. Stetson wished to present another topic in the afternoon, and therefore gave way to Capt. Walker of Harwich.

Jonathan Walker said that the audience must not expect a speech from him. We was but a rough sailor, and unpractised in public speaking, but he would tell them his experience of a year past among slaveholders. In 1831 he became an abolitionist, and since then has acted on anti-slavery principles. He lived in Florida, with his family, during the five years succeeding 1836, and then left it because he would not suffer his children to grow up amidst the influences of slavery. While there, he hired certain slaves, whose masters allowed them to dispose of their own time, and those slaves boarded in his own house, on terms of perfect equality with his family. Some of his white neighbors strongly objected to this, and remonstrated with him against it, but he quietly pursued his own course. Some time afterwards, he went there again on business, and when he was about to return the second time, seven of the slaves who had thus worked with him and sat at his table, who were members of the church with which he communed, and whom he knew to be honest and worthy men, begged permission to try their chance of escape in his boat, which he cheerfully gave, and they set sail with him.

He experienced much bad weather, and Captain Walker was taken severely and dangerously sick. After being out fourteen days, they were seized by a Southern vessel, and taken in chains to Key West; whence a steam vessel in the United States service conveyed them to Pensacola, the port they had left. The people were highly excited and indignant against Capt. Walker, and the Court demanded \$10,000 bail for his appearance at the trial, in default of which he was cast into a loathsome dungeon, and though then in a very sick and feeble state, was confined with a large chain, and left on the damp and mouldy floor without table, bed or chair. His food was not only poor in kind, but unwholesome, even for a man in health. He remained thus three weeks before the trial, and in that time, from the pressure and irritation of the iron ring, an inch thick, and from the uncomfortable position in which it confined him day and night, his leg swelled so as to bury this large iron completely in the flesh.

He was ultimately tried on seven indictments, and sentenced to five, imprisonment, branding with a red-hot iron, and standing one hour in the pillory. While standing in the pillory, he was struck directly on the head by a rotten egg, which one of the slaveholders threw at him. The branding-iron was then applied to his hand by a native of Maine, and he was returned to his prison cell, where he remained eleven months, and at the end of that time he was released on paying between 400 and 500 dollars, fine and costs. He arrived in New-York on the 10th of July.

Captain Walker closed his narrative with these words: I repeat not of what I have done. As long as life remains in me, this hand and this voice shall be raised against slavery, that shameful violation of all the rights of man and all the laws of God.

The following letter from Geo. S. Hillard, Esq., was then read to the meeting:

COVENTRY, July 25, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am much occupied at present with engagements which cannot be postponed, and I fear it will not be possible for me to be present at the celebration of the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies on the first day of August next. The hot weather, too, has deprived me of a portion of the little physical strength I have at any time, and I am hardly equal to the effort of addressing a large audience in the open air. I shall regret my enforced absence the less, because I do not feel that I can say any thing upon the subject which will not be as well said, to say the least, by others.

But, whether present or not, I am glad now to express to you my warm sympathy in the cause which brings you together. The abolition of slavery in the British West Indies is one of the greatest events of the age, and wins for England that true glory which nations have but too seldom coveted or secured. Would to God that she had taken counsel of the same benign spirit in her relations with China, and spared to History the task of recording that bloody story.

I have not followed this great change into all its

consequences and details. It is assailed by many doubtful voices, especially from men whose hearts and consciences have been seared by the hot iron of politics. I question the facts which flow from such sources. There is a moral element even in statistics. Granting, however, for the sake of argument, the truth of these unfavorable views, (which I am by no means disposed to do,) there are satisfactory considerations to be urged in reply. In the first place, the time has not yet arrived in which even the material results of emancipation can be fairly estimated. The worst evil of slavery is the wrong it does to the mind and soul of its victim. The ransomed captive cannot immediately succeed to the inheritance of freedom. He cannot be at once clothed with the virtues and energies which are the growth of years of liberty. To expect this, would be to ask the prisoner, whose muscles had been cramped and paralyzed by the chains and damps of a dungeon, to try his speed with the trained pedestrian, to whose limbs the mountain breezes had lent their free career.

In the next place, it seems to me that the results of the emancipation are measured by a false standard; by the comparative amount of material products drawn from the soil, and the consequent value of the soil itself. It is not thus that the question should be tried. I have no patience with the heartless spirit of calculation, which looks upon the West India islands and their inhabitants in no other light than as means and instruments for the production of sugar and coffee. I care not if the effect of emancipation be to enhance the price of these luxuries. The true points of inquiry are the comparative moral and intellectual condition of the colored race, who have received the boon of freedom. Are they better men and women, better husbands and wives, better fathers and mothers? Are they more desirous of knowledge? Have they more self-respect? Are they more provident and thrifty? There can be no question that on these points the results of the emancipation are entirely satisfactory, and will continue to be more and more so. It must be so. To doubt this, would be to suppose that God had made a part of his children incapable of freedom. Who would not recoil from a conclusion like this, who was not either a slaveholder, or that meanest and basest of creatures, a Northern man with Southern principles?

Your friend and obedient servant,  
GEO. S. HILLARD.

MR. CHAS. K. WHIFFLE.

Rev. Mr. Weiss, of Watertown, then came forward, and said he would speak a few words, by way of giving the 'improvement' to Capt. Walker's sermon; the moral of the story he had told.

Coming from our free homes, and listening to a narrative like this, we are amazed, and involuntarily ask, Is it possible? Can this be true? We are indignant at an act so oppressive and inhuman. Yet, as it is, it is our northern sympathy heated the iron, forged the manacles, and built the pillory.

Does any northern man deny the propriety of Walker's course? There have been such men. They ask, why did Walker break the laws of Florida? The answer is—Man is more than constitutions. Christ is greater than Hancock or Adams. We must never give up justice and humanity for the sake of law.

What shall we do if these things are true? We must agitate; diffuse truth; establish new principles; found our Union, not on Constitutions, but on the New Testament.

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The fare from New-York, via Whitehall and St. John's, to Montreal, is only \$2, if you leave New-York on Tuesday, or Thursday evenings. From Troy to St. John's, Lower Canada, near 230 miles, is 37 1-2 cents.

A Mineral water Manufacturer, of Philadelphia, makes and sends off twice hundred dozens of bottles per day. He supplies sixteen hundred public houses, and employs 100 men constantly.

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**NOTICE.**

Wanted, a good place for a fine little colored boy, about ten years old. He is healthy, strong, and very bright, and will do excellently well if he falls into the proper hands. Apply at 25 Cornhill.

¶ A smart, intelligent colored man is anxious to obtain a situation as a waiter in a hotel or gentleman's family. He is well qualified for such a situation. Apply at 25, Cornhill.

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**EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA A. S. SOCIETY**

The members and friends of this Society are notified that the Ninth Annual Meeting will be held on Monday, the 11th of August, at Old Kennett Meeting-house, in Chester county.

It is expected that this meeting will be one of deep interest to the members and the opponents of the

anti-slavery cause. To the former, especially such as are embraced in the Pennsylvania A. S. Society, it will be particularly interesting, from the question which will be brought before it for discussion and determination. It is well worth the attention of every member of the Society to the existence of the Society and the interests of the cause, on which the abolitionists of Eastern Pennsylvania have for some time been divided; these it is intended to submit to the meeting, for a full and fair discussion, and a definitive decision; so that hereafter, without any further internal dissension, the Society may devote its whole energy to the direct promotion of the common cause.

The debates to which these questions will necessarily give rise, will not only interest the members of the Society, but, by the facts and arguments bearing upon

the general subject which is to be discussed will be, the expediency of converting to the principle many who now stand entirely aloof from the anti-slavery enterprise. Other questions, besides, of common interest to all, will receive a due share of the Society's attention: particularly that relating to the propriety of abolitionists continuing in fellowship with the existing pro-slavery and popular religious organizations of the day.

In addition to a general attendance of the best speakers we have in Pennsylvania, others from abroad—among whom may be mentioned Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips—will be present to take part with us in our proceedings. The Committee

E. M. DAVIS, Chairman.  
HAWORTH WETHERALD, Secretary.

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ACCOUNT OF RECEIPTS

*Into the Treasury of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, from 23d June to July 20, 1845.*

From Rev. John Pierpont,	\$3 00
" H. W. Williams, collections at Convention,	186 50
" Ixbridge A. S. Fair, by Gilbert Capron,	50 00

" A friend in Norfolk county, by H. W. W. 25 0  
" Miss S. S. Cabot. 1 00  
S. PHILBRICK, *Treasurer*

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**MARRIED**—In Watertown, Mass. by the Rev  
Leonard P. Frost, Andrew M. Quimby, Esq. of Dra-  
cutt, Mass. P. M. Littleton, N. H. to Miss Elizabeth  
S. Frost, late Preceptress of the Waterford Academy  
Pa.

In this city, 5th inst., by Rev. J. T. Raymond, M.  
George T. Sewell to Miss Anne Foller.

DIED—In East Abington, July 19th, Micah Pool Esq. aged 73. He was one who early espoused the anti-slavery cause, and has taken a lively interest in that and the other reforms of the day. His loss is very deeply felt in the community where he was known. All feel that humanity has lost one of its best friends.

**F**OR sale by BELA MARSH, No. 25 Cornhill:  
History of the Trial of Miss Delia A. Webster, written by herself;  
The Stranger in Lowell, by Whittier;  
Narrative of the sufferings of Lewis Clarke, dictated by himself;  
Fowler's new work, Love and Parentage, applied to the improvement of Offspring; together with all the other works by the same author.  
Bentham on Legislation in two vols.  
Theodore's Morals by Richard Hildreth. Price reduced;  
Mrs. Child's Letters from New-York; do. Flowers for Children;  
Theodore Parker's Sermons and other publications

The Family Doctor, with an Appendix containing  
100 valuable Recipes ;  
The Bustle ; a Philosophical and Moral Poem ;  
Kiss for a Blow, by Henry C. Wright ;  
Water Cure Journal, and the various Books on the  
Water Cure ;  
Dr. Graham's Works, and Dr. Alcott's Works.  
The Nubian Slave, by C. C. Greene.  
The Fugitive's Song, and the various other Songs by  
the Hutchinsons ;  
Public Worship, by Chas. K. Whipple ; also the  
Views of Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, on the

Sabbath Question;  
History of the Devil, by the author of Robinson Crusoe.  
The Physiologist, by Eugene Beclard, M. D.;  
Dodd's Lectures on Mesmerism;  
Titles of Jesus, and Capital Punishment, by Charles Spear;  
Emerson's Essays, 2d series.  
August 8 11

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NEW-ENGLAND  
TRUSS MANUFACTORY

**T**HE subscriber continues to manufacture Trusses of every description, at his residence at the Old Stand, opposite 264, No. 305 Washington-street, Boston, entrance in Temple Avenue, up stairs. All individuals can see him alone, at any time, at the above place.

Having had twenty years' experience, he has afforded relief to three thousand persons for the last five years. All may be assured of relief, who call and try Trusses of his manufacture. He is now confident he can give every individual relief who may call on him.

Having worn the different kinds of Trusses, more or less, that have been offered to the public for the last twenty years, from different patent manufactories and now continues to wear those of his own manufacture, he is now able to decide, after examining the rupture, what sort of Truss is best to adapt to all the cases that occur; and he has on hand as good Trusses, and will furnish any kind of Truss that can be

□ J. F. manufactures as many as twenty different kinds of Trusses, among which are all the different kinds similar to those the late Mr. Jo Beach of this city formerly made, and all others advertised in Boston, together with the patent elastic spring Truss, with spring pads. Trusses without steel springs—these give relief in all cases of rupture, and a large portion produce a perfect cure. They can be worn day and night. Improved hinge and pivot Truss; umbilical and spring Trusses, made in four different ways; Trusses with ball and socket joints and Trusses with rollers, which are the most

troubled with a descent of the rectum can ride or horse-back with perfect ease and safety. Mr. Foster also makes Trusses for Prolapus Uteri, which have answered in cases where pessaries have failed. Suspensory Trusses, Knee Caps and Back Board are always kept on hand. As a matter of convenience and not of speculation, the undersigned will keep on hand the following kinds from other manufacturers, which they can have if his does not suit them:—Dr. Hall's Read's Spiral Truss; Runnell's do; Salmon's ball and socket, Sherman's patent; French do; Marsh's

Any kind of Trusses repaired at short notice, and made as good as when new.

♂ Ladies, wishing for any of these instruments will be waited upon by Mrs. Foster, at the above place. Mrs. F. has been engaged in the above business for ten years.

He likewise informs individuals he will not make their complaints known to any one, except when he is permitted to refer to them—it being a misfortune and young persons do not want their cases known.

**JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.**  
Boston, June 13, 1845. isepth



## POETRY.

For the Liberator.

## ON THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS—A LAMENT.

Lament, lament for thy native land,  
Oh! my sad soul—let thy sighs ascend—  
Taught of Heaven to understand  
How wide the ruin to which we tend—  
They have done the deed—they have sealed our fate!  
The glory, the crown, has departed quite;  
And the palmy growth of our free estate  
Has sunk beneath Oppression's blight!

Texas, the spot where tyrants dwell—  
Where the slave must know an unending doom—  
Where nature is heaven, and man is hell—  
And demons revel on Eden's bloom—  
Where the slave-driver's lash awakens the cries  
That fill the balmy and fragrant air;  
And amidst God's love and beauty arise  
The unpitied groanings of man's despair;

Texas, the home of the riotous white,  
Where the soul of the slave unto death is vexed,  
Is now, through the Southron's evil might,  
To my own, my fatherland annexed!

The 'Vale of Decision,' O may it prove!  
Multitudes, multitudes may there be,  
And Jehovah awaken in vengeful love,  
And that be the field of his victory.

Even so, Lord Jesus! Amen! Amen!  
Just where Oppression hath done her worst,  
In the hour of her triumph and feast, O then  
Let the vengeful thunders over her burst!

Let her towers fall, though thousands rally;  
Let the cleansing storm of wrath be poured,  
Until through the depths of that fertile valley,  
Is Freedom, and 'Holiness unto the Lord.'

S. L. L.

From Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

## TAKE OFF THE CHAINS!

Take off the chains! take off the chains!  
Are they not men whom you have bound?  
Whose warm blood drips along your plains,  
And sinks like water in the ground?

Take off the chains! and let them stand  
Erect and manly, blest and free;  
And then upon this guilty land,  
The smile of heaven again shall be!

Take off the chains! take off the chains!  
What though they're weak, and you are strong?  
An upright, generous heart disdains  
To make the helpless suffer wrong!

Off with them, then, and raise the cry  
Of joy along this Western shore—  
With Truth's glad banner streaming high—  
That man shall be enslaved no more!

Take off the chains! take off the chains!  
Color no more regard as crime!  
Up! in God's name! whose will ordains  
Freedom to every man and clime!

Oppression and injustice scorn,  
The fruits of power, and lust, and pride—  
Are they not brethren—equal born?  
For them hath not a Saviour died?

Take off the chains! take off the chains!  
Like honest men, with noble zeal:  
Resign your gold, oppression's gains,  
At fearful cost of others' woe!

Upraise them from the dust, to share  
The benefits of liberty,  
Free as the winds, the sweeping air,  
As God designed that they should be.

Take off the chains! take off the chains!  
It is unmanly to oppress  
The form—the soul which it contains—  
In pain and utter dimness!

'Let the oppressed go free' and have  
Full credit for the righteous deed,  
And warmest thanks your hearts can crave,  
From grateful millions yet to freed!

Take off the chains! take off the chains!  
And ye shall win a just reward!  
Perchance forgiveness for the stains  
Gained by injustice, mammon, fraud?

Can it be well, can it be wise,  
In them who must account to God,  
To fetter heirs of paradise,  
The purchased with a Saviour's blood?

Take off the chains! take off the chains!  
This, honor, peace and love demand;  
Religion, from her sacred fane,  
The just behest sends o'er the land—  
Take off the chains! the eagle eyes  
Of all the world are watching us:  
Up! to the rescue, Christians! Rise,  
And rend yourselves of slavery's curse!

PHAROS.

From the Christian Citizen.

## SLAVERY, AND ITS SCRIPTURE DEFENDERS.

Oh, God! unseal my ears, unclose my eyes,  
The depth of this sad mystery to see,  
Why on earth's soil Thy trodden creature lies,  
Toiling and suffering for the proud and free,  
In helpless, hopeless, hard captivity?

A soul, that with Immortal Being links,  
Crushed, in its poor frame's aching misery!  
Or, happiest, happy like the worm that shrinks  
Beneath the passer's foot, and hides in earth and sinks!

Father! Thou Just and Good! and can it be  
One heart should rend Thy Gospel so amiss,  
That, of Thy holy Will in mockery,  
A pass-word from its page is asked for this?  
Blind, and in love with dark unrighteousness,  
Sophists!—to God and man alike untrue,  
O'er whose good angels weep—can ye be His,  
Who make His truth a lie?—Yet e'en for you  
Mercy, perchance, shall plead—they know not what  
they do!

Salem, N. J.

A. W. M.

From the Baltimore Saturday Visitor.

## SONNET TO AUGUST.

With lingering lips, the drowsy Lord of Light,  
Like Antony, when to 'Egyptian Queen  
He had laid waste, hangs on the cheek of Night  
Within her chamber of the deep! I ween,  
He'll hasten thither too at evening hour,  
Leaving grey Twilight as his deputy,  
To keep awake the eyes of every flower  
That weeps the Day's decline so soon to see!

O! that that Sol at this young Bacchus' birth,  
Drinks of the juicy grape, and ebrate  
Harries to Tethys' watery couch from Earth  
To hide himself!—he rises now so late,  
With face all flushed, that 'en old Dian's orb  
Seems something of the red grape to absorb!

From the New Bedford Mercury.

## A PARODY.

A life on the ocean wave!  
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## REFORMATORY.

WORSHIP—THE SANCTUARY.

Colosse, (Oswego Co., N. Y.)  
7th mo. 18th, 1845.

FRIEND GARRISON:—  
Some years since, some of the members of the Baptist Church at Colosse sent me a tract published by the American Tract Society, and I wrote the following answer to it. Several persons have been anxious to obtain a copy of it. Should it suit your convenience, please to publish it in the Liberator, and oblige yours respectfully,

ALFRED WELLS.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF COLOSSE:—  
DEAR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS:—I thank you for being so kind as to leave a tract at my house, and wish to say a word to you respecting the tract No. 2230, and called the *Sanctuary*.

On the first page is represented a splendid place of worship, with nine elegant columns in front to support a porch, and with nearly twenty towers or ornaments on the top, with steeple and bell. Such edifices cost in the city from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, and the gingerbread work alone of some costs twenty thousand. St. Paul's in London cost one million sterling and upwards, and must have been equal to the price of clearing some hundreds of thousands of acres of land. But I will proceed to an examination of the tract itself.

The writer calls this building the Sanctuary. In the Jewish dispensation, they had an outward sanctuary; but in the Christian dispensation, there is no outward sanctuary, but the true sanctuary is in us, which the Lord pitched, and not man. (See Heb. viii. 2.) Those therefore who will have it that the sanctuary is outwardly man, Jews, Turks, Hindus, or Mahomedans, but Christians in that they cannot be.

1st. The writer says this is the place where God's honor dwelleth. This, according to the Bible, is not true, for it is said in Acts vii. 48, 'He dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' but of the wicked it is said, 'they rejoice in the works of their own hands.'

2d. He says, this is a place of united prayer. This is not true; the prayers are generally made by the priest. It is only a few weeks ago that I was pulled out of their sanctuary (so called) at Oswego, for no other reason in the world, except that I attempted to pray with them; and by the direction of the priest himself, the deacon pulled me out.

3d. He says, 'this is the radiant point of sanctifying truth.' This is not true. To sanctify means to purify, and we know that the wood and mortar of the building emit no rays at all. Christ is the radiant point; from Him we have light and life, and his kingdom is within us.

4th. He says, the instruction of the sanctuary forms public sentiment. True; but how often has that instruction been wrong? The martyrs have been put to death in Jewish, Pagan and Christian countries, and have been tortured through the influence of their sanctuaries. We may with safety predict, that if America ever loses its liberties, it will be for want of a sufficiency of free meetings, and through the influence of their sanctuaries. These are the two powers that lead us to liberty or slavery. These may be considered as the primary causes, and the press, schools, courts of law, &c. are but as many secondary causes.

5th. The writer says, 'it sustains all the other civilized and beautiful institutions.' This surely is not true, for in those countries where they have the greatest regard for splendid places of worship, the liberty of the press, trial by jury, right of suffrage, and general education, are almost entirely destroyed. Witness Italy, Spain, and South America. In the latter place, it is said to be common for a murderer to run and put his finger in the key hole of their sanctuary, and claim protection.

The writer says, that with the 'sanctuary' and its 'bell,' and 'tower'—the sanctified—the sanctuary—conciliation. Pray, did the apostles know any thing about a written creed, or have bells, and were they not ministers of reconciliation? Of the outward temple, Christ told the Jews that they had made it a den of thieves.

He says, those who do not support the temple have a 'corrosion of attire.' So much the better; a fine attire has ruined millions, but few have been injured by a plain attire.

6th. He says that the outward 'sanctuary' is favorable to revivals of religion. This is not true. Splendid places of worship have suppressed religious liberty generally, and without liberty, religion cannot flourish. In some countries, it is common to go to the sanctuary in the morning, to the horse race in the afternoon, and to the house of ill fame at night; and it has become a common proverb, the nearer the temple, the farther from God. In Protestant countries, I should hope things had not gone so far, but the same causes will have a tendency, under the same auspicious circumstances, to produce effects somewhat similar.

In the parish in which I was born in England, they have a splendid sanctuary (so called) and in my memory had two priests, the one as intemperate and the other as profane as any in the parish. In this country, splendid places of worship have fostered pride in a wonderful degree. The church of Rome could not have become so corrupt without her superb temples—not the church of England so debased without her costly sanctuaries.

I dare appeal to every intemperate preacher to say if he has not found in secluded hamlets (it is generally the case) that people are more friendly and tender than where splendid places of worship are erected.

On the cover of this tract it is asserted that our Creator died. If God died, who supported the heavens and the earth? The Bible speaks of him as the ever living God.

The writer says that the sabbath is supported by the sanctuary. I shall not dispute whether the sabbath is beneficial or not, but simply say its general observance is supported by law—the same power that supports the tithes in England, the knout in Russia, and the inquisition formerly in Spain. Christianity, in all its branches, is *to persuade men*, and to enact laws in any manner to support religion, is the same as to say that it requires force to support it. Its great excellence is, that it requires no force, and so far as we resort to force to support it, we debate it to the level of the Turkish, Hindu and Mahomedan religions. Religion is too delicate a plant to be cultivated by the rude hand of the civil power. It flourishes best where it is most left to itself.

I am your obliged friend,

ALFRED WELLS.

## CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE.

ADAM BALLON of Hopkinton Community, and President of the New England Non-Resistance Society, delivered three discourses in Pawtucket, on Sunday, 28th ult. He was invited to Pawtucket by the pastor of the Free-Will Baptist Church, and delivered morning and afternoon discourses in that meeting-house, and a third discourse in the Universalist chapel in that place. The meetings were well attended. In the afternoon, an agent (Mr. Brewster) of the American Peace Society was present, and made a few remarks at the close; and Mr. Bachelder, the pastor, spoke warmly and decidedly in approbation of our friend Ballon's labors. The meeting at 5-1-2 o'clock, in the Universalist chapel, was attended by an increased number of hearers, and the pastor (Mr. Damon) appeared to be much pleased with the discourses. Not being particularly acquainted in Pawtucket, I made some inquiry as to the religious profession of the persons composing the congregation at the third service, and was informed that there were few or none of them Orthodox Congregationalists, while there were quite a number of all other sects. Few or none of this class of religionists take any interest in this and the anti-slavery movement, two of

the vital reform of the age. I trust it will not always be so. A public sentiment will ere long prevail, which will compel these religionists to change their course, and give their influence on the side of humanity, truth and righteousness. A moral earthquake is now rumbling about their ears, and the signs of the times are not to be mistaken, and they still persist in their course, in support of killing and hanging, of oppression and wrong, and will not follow the Master they profess to serve, their denomination will sink, and become lost to the world. It seems to me, that among the professors of this denomination, there is very little of primitive Christianity; in some instances, it appears to me there is no faith in God or his son Jesus Christ; and they are far gone in practical atheism. I hope I am mistaken, and that a better practice will show itself soon among them. I have also recently visited that peaceful valley, Hopkinton, in Milford, Mass., and rejoice that I have had the opportunity, for the third time since the location of the community, to spend some little time in the society of these firm and consistent Christian friends. The place is much improved, and I doubt not of their success.

S. W. W.

Providence, July 25.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Suffolk (Eng.) Chronicle.

## AN EPISTLE TO A PHONOGRAPHIC FRIEND; OR A FEW WORDS ON PHONOGRAPHY.

A thing of sound (not fury),  
Signifying nothing.

When I am weary of my mother tongue,  
In which I learned to read and spell when young;  
Or when I am weary of my A, B, C;  
As heretofore, by my own flesh and blood;  
When Chaucer's Tales, and Spenser's Fairy Lay,  
As worn-out legends, shall have passed away;  
When universal Shakespeare's page profound  
Shall be a thing to criticize by sound;

And Milton's song, caught from a higher sphere,  
Hath lost its music to my palsied ear;  
When they who, by new crotchets unbegrud'd,  
Drank from the well of English undefil'd,  
Bards, Statesmen, Orators, and grave Divines,  
Whose memories live in their immortal lines;  
When these, by some new-fangled strange conceit,  
Shall, with their works, be counted obsolete,  
Then, not before, I may for truth receive  
All modern babblers ask me to believe!

Nor can I look upon as more inviting,  
The novel characters you give for writing:  
I'm child enough, and hope such long to be,  
To have a *living* for my A, B, C taught.

Owe a long-standing and long-cherished debt  
Ow'd to our antiquated Alphabet  
Its old familiar aspect, to mine eye,  
No hieroglyphic symbols can supply;  
So, to the music of my A, B, C, I sing,  
To me are unintelligible signs;  
Upright or sloping, this or that way leaning,  
They speak no language, and convey no meaning.

But the New System saves much time. Indeed!  
Must we then write, read, spell, by rail-road speed?  
'Tis bad enough, when'er we go abroad,  
That fire and smoke must urge us on our road,  
And the music of the birds and spheres,  
To have that heard while dulleth in our ears;  
Must we not ride alone, as if we flew,  
But the same haste adopt in all we do?

'More haste, worse speed,'—the proverb still holds true!  
I wish, that Pitman, Reed, and all their crew,  
Or better, or a better man than they;  
To one accustomed to the olden lore,  
Their boasted *System* is a dreadful bore,  
Though trumpeted, with empty acclamation,  
A *Reading, Writing, Printing Reformation*!

Nonsense and matter in six A, B, C taught.  
What a labor to our fathers brought;  
Can write in short-hand, or like parrots speak,  
Chaldee or Coptic, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek;  
But the sum total of this parrot lore  
Appeals to sight and sound, and little more.

Alas! for honest, credulous John Bull!  
Of every novelty the veriest gull!  
His science he yields to the Phonologist;  
His faith and feelings to the Mesmerist;  
His constitution to the puffing Quack;  
To bumble—'e'en on the coast upon his back;  
To waste, to waste, to waste, to waste, to waste,  
To read, write, spell, pronounce, needs a Phonograph.

BERNARD BARTON.

## A LETTER TO BERNARD BARTON,

On the Writing and Printing Reformation, in reply to his 'Epistle to a Phonographic Friend.'

ISAAC PITMAN TO BERNARD BARTON.

Did I possess 'the gift divine' of clothing my ideas  
In the language of poetry—of charming the ear  
By melodious numbers, while attempting to enforce  
The rights of humanity, I should not care  
To plain prose which poets would not scorn—I should  
Feel less reluctance than I do in entering upon what  
appears to be my duty, namely, to show the unreasonable nature of the objections which have been advanced by you against the new and important art of writing and printing by sound. If to

'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,'  
is the dictate of humanity, surely it is not less so to

Pity the sorrows of a dear young child,  
to whom the spelling-book is the only dreadful object  
in the school-room; and that, because it is a  
savage, and because it is a barbarian, and because  
it was not made to learn to read, but to learn to  
write, music, geography, and all the arts and sciences,  
are to him so many sources of delight, because they  
are based upon the immutable principles of truth,  
for the reception of which the human mind was  
formed; but this dearly-cherished 'orthography'  
contains not a single truth that is not self-evident,  
and which is not as true as the sun, moon, and stars,  
which prevail in the system, between which and the  
few truths that are to be found, the child can see  
no difference whatever. If he is taught that the letters  
A, B, C, are to be used for the word *too*, he ought  
to suspect he is making a mistake when he calls  
A, B, C, according to the precedent of (say) the  
English and French alphabets, and that the letters  
Phonography and Phonotypy are calculated to remove,  
is the only one which necessarily causes the tear of  
grief to dim the cherub face of infancy.

In the same No. of the Suffolk Chronicle (May 17, 1845) that contains your 'Epistle,' is a full Report of the Addresses delivered at the Phonographic Society in New York, a few days since, and in which I respectfully beg to direct your attention, and if the plain matters of fact there presented do not induce in your mind a conviction that some change in our A B C is necessary, I shall no longer think—as I have thought and like to think—that poets necessarily have a clearer sight and a fuller enjoyment of the Good and the True, than other men.

But, what are the fancied evils of Phonotypy? It is feared that it will consign the bards of past ages to the tomb of oblivion—that in phonotyping their works we shall destroy them. What! Are the poets high conceptions inevitably and eternally linked to any particular orthography that may happen to be in his day? Does not the very soul of Homer live in us, as it were, while we peruse his pages, while we have translated not merely the spelling, but the very words themselves? Will Milton's song cease to enliven when written and printed as well educated Englishmen pronounce it? Will Shakespeare's words be dimmed except he should be recast in some barbarous spelling? Will the acutest intellect be unable to understand or remember? The idea is too preposterous to be seriously entertained, and I dismiss it with the remark, that when the Word of God (or such parts of it as may be considered more useful at the commencement of our Printing Reform) to put in phonetic dress) is done in Phonotypy—Milton, as the first and best of our national bards, will receive the honor which is due; that of being the first Writer who will be rescued from the unsafe tenure of the old orthography. The subject is a serious one, in whatever light it may be viewed. Suppose that what has happened to an individual should happen to the English nation, and to all who know our written language—that the pages of the national book of memory should be obliterated; what would be the consequences? Only this—that every English book now in existence